Volume LXI CHICAGO, APRIL 23, 1908 Number 8

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CONTENTS

Son of the Puritans—*Frederic Laurence Knowles* 115
Notes 115
Has the Tide Turned? 117
God's Call to Rest—*Helen Ekin Starrett* 118
Easter Morn—*Althea A. Ogden* 118
THE PULPIT—
The Days of the Son of Man—Richard W. Boynton .. 119
The Indian Pipe 121
David Swing, Poet-Preacher, Chapter VI continued—Rev. Joseph Newton 122
Two Christian Socialists 125
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 125
Æsop and the Beasts—*Andrew Lang* 125
A Cow's Gratitude—*C. Mitchell* 125
THE WATCH TOWER 126
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 127

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1908 | NUMBER 8

Son of the Puritans

Son of the Puritans, can it be thou,
Harness'd for slaughter with bayonet and blade?
Weeds in thy furrows, rust on thy plough,
Death for thy trade?

Fruitless the planting in War's black soil!
What do the red-handed husbandmen reap?—
Cripples that languish, children that toil,
Widows who weep!

Ah, these death-gleaners must learn as they mow
Darkest of secrets that History hoards:
Only a harvest of hatred can grow
From a sowing of swords!

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

Edwin Markham in his interesting page in *Success* for April calls attention to the three stars that have recently fallen "out of the constellation of American art—St. Gaudens, the sculptor; Stedman, the poet-critic, and Edward McDowell, the musical composer," the latter alone falling into a premature grave with "most of his musical power within him, his genius being wasted in the battle for bread and shelter." Mr. Markham is right. Democracy finds its greatest danger in the way it sacrifices, by brutal neglect if not by aggressive contempt, its rarer gifts and nobler minds. Democracy must live by virtue of brains, not of dollars; of souls, and not bank-notes, gold mines or the leadership fostered by such.

The American Civic Association, with headquarters in Philadelphia, is out in an earnest appeal for an aggressive movement all over the country in defense of Niagara Falls. Two malicious bills are now pending in congress to divert Niagara waters, and the necessary treaty with Canada looking for the absolute preservation of the beauties is still pending. An instructive batch of press clippings accompanies this bill. All of these arguments turn on the ethical and economic value of beauty, the esthetic asset, and these arguments are valid and ought to obtain. But evidence is not wanting that these arguments count but little when opposed to the commercial interests of private individuals and particularly the mountainous interests of corporated wealth. Why not try the other argument which will count for more in the courts of Mammon? The rights of the public in Niagara are clearly established and we presume conceded. The river belongs to the state; it is a part of the public domain. If, then, it is to be converted into mechanical force, let the public have the benefit of it. Let its force be hitched only to public utilities, not to private enterprises. Let it run street cars, create electric lights and promote other industries directly for the benefit of municipalities and states. Let it become an asset of the commonwealth, not of corporations. This policy once established and insisted upon would perhaps leave the esthetic asset more intact.

In the "Pleasantry" column of *Success* there is a story of the Tennessee Congressman who, when asked by one of his constituency for a copy of the "Rules and Regulations of Congress," sent by return mail a photograph of "Joe" Cannon, Speaker of the House. It is time that *Success* and all the rest of us take this item out of the joke column and put it where it belongs—among the serious problems of the nation, an ominous sign of the times, an actual menace to democracy. Speaker Cannon, with the inevitable long cigar, his jocular propensities ever bordering on profanity and coarseness, his long success as a spellbinder and his dexterity as a "mixer," a builder of political fences and a tireless worker for "Joe" Cannon, may be a joke, but his methods, and still worse the good-natured way in which they are tolerated and the wide adoption of his plans by less skillful presiding officers in state legislatures, party conventions and city councils, are a disgrace and a crime. Patriotism and buffoonery, loyalty and selfishness, legislative responsibility, partisan shrewdness and political trickery cannot go hand in hand much longer, and they should never be found trying to occupy the same pair of shoes without a prompt rebuke, a righteous indignation. It is time the press and the pulpit as well as the political platform should quit their joking and take things seriously. Illinois should begin by blushing over the rollicking way in which the Republican party within her limits is joking about her "favorite son" and is "instructing" her delegates to vote for the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who when he is not acting the buffoon is acting the tyrant, deliberately throttling free discussion and defying parliamentary proprieties.

Anything that breaks up the fell tyranny of partisan lines when they fail to run parallel with any great and living issue is to be heartily welcomed. So we rejoice in the movement of the Labor Unions on Easter day in all the great cities of the country, protesting against the tyranny of party loyalties. The grievances of the Labor Unions may be fanciful or real; we are not discussing them now; we are simply rejoicing in the growing judgment on the part of what is necessarily the overwhelming majority of American people,—the

wage-earners,—of the inadequacy of present party lines to represent present national issues. It will be a sad day for American institutions if through the cupidity and partisan blindness of leaders the poor are arrayed against the rich, the laborer against the exploiters of laborer and the representatives of commerce. But this is far more desirable than the present manipulation of great sections of American voters by the skillful leaders who are trying to make real the fictitious distinctions between Republican and Democrat in American statecraft. There are great and splendid issues now before the American people, such as the question of tariff vs. free trade, the increase of the instruments of war and the fostering of the military spirit vs. international amity and the disarmament of the world, the abolishing of the American saloon with its pot-house politics and sour beer sociability, women suffrage, the protection of forests, the reclamation of desert lands by state and national irrigation systems, the opening of great waterways, the perfection of our public school systems so that they will be more adequate to the needs of all the people. But none of these issues run parallel with even the claims, much less the practice, of either of the great parties. In conventions and in speeches as well as in legislative halls all these issues are handled daintily, the catchwords of reform are mouthed with Pickwickian indefiniteness by the "central committees" and in ante-election promises and party platforms. The hope of the nation as well as the growing conscience of the nation is today represented most aggressively in the labor, anti-saloon, socialist and other young party movements, not necessarily on account of the cause espoused, but on account of the independence exercised; they represent a strike for liberty. We remember that the wise ones inside the party are ready with a cynical grin to assert that these new parties when once in power will fall into the tricks of the old party; that it is only supplanting one party mechanism with another. Granted, but meanwhile there is a chance for some growth, and slowly democracy will learn that parties in proportion as they are valuable are necessarily transient; they have their day and do their work and then die, as they should. Hurrah for the noble army of scratchers, the increase of which is the hope of the country!

The morning-after-Easter telegraph dispatches from Pittsburg announced the delay of a Pennsylvania railroad express train at East Liberty for five minutes, caused by the blocking of the narrow passageway in a Pullman car by the young lady whose "Merry Widow" hat measured thirty-six inches, and the porter had to help her "lift the lid," turn it up edgewise, before traffic could proceed. It is a pity that Easter day should be marred with these monstrosities and the serenity of women's brows clouded by such absurdities. Nothing is more pathetic than the helpless plea of cultivated and intelligent women in the presence of the hat problem, urged in self-defense, that they cannot help themselves, there is nothing to be had that is sensible. Country women take long journeys into the city; city women go to the largest establishments, and though prepared to submit to bills out of all proportion with their resources and their obligations, declare there is nothing left for them but surrender. How could they expect anything else if they resort to the fashion centers, where for commercial reasons purely, never for artistic reasons, such forms and models, so far as possible, as will conflict with the "new thing" in which ingenious capital has invested vast amounts of money, are removed or destroyed. Shame on the intelligent woman who will be bulldozed into absurdities and extravagances by her milliner and her dressmaker. If indeed she is so helpless that she cannot assume dictation in this matter, then let her confess her defective education and see to it that the education of her daughters be placed upon a more solid and effective foundation. "What can she do about it?" She can rebel and wear such headgear as her own taste or that of the humble milliner in a country village, who will obey orders, can furnish, and then relegate the hat to its proper place, viz., protection from sun and rain when out of doors, not as an indoor tray upon which to display the gaudy colors, the crude flowers, and the accusing feather, all of which are steeped in the blood of the innocents, the poisons of the dye pots being harmless compared with the social position which comes from the tears of overworked little children, the sweat of overtaxed mothers. In last Sunday's *Chicago Tribune* John T. McCutcheon rose again to the heights of the great preacher which he is in his Easter cartoon. In the upper panel the birds with their happy birdlings near at hand are caroling Easter joys; in the middle panel the man with the gun has left the birdlings bereft and weeping and he is carrying off the parent birds, whistling; in the lower panel the parent birds are reinstated on the hats of the women who are trilling their Easter carols in church. The lesson was apparent, the impression profound to the sensitive soul. By city ordinance the obtrusive and insolent hat is removed at theaters and operas. It ought not to need a city ordinance to enforce such manifest good manners in church and other club and assembly rooms where the hat obstructs the vision, distracts the attention of the listeners and distresses the speaker, if his soul is alive to the economic, philanthropic and artistic problems involved. Sisters, hats off, please, except where hats are necessary.

Notwithstanding the almost frantic protests in certain quarters against summer schools as an invasion of the vacation prerogative, a continuation of the strain of life, programs of these privileges accumulate, and they are promoted by the friends and not the foes of the rest time, in the interest of the recreation and the renewal of body and mind and the refreshing of spirit. We believe that in the United States alone do the professional and student class undertake to cut loose from

all disciplinarian habits and all systematic use of time for mental purposes for two or three months of the year. One thing is sure, that congenial mental toil is restful, and it is the active brain that makes a healthy body. It is unprofitable routine and the tyranny of petty details and outward cares, social solicitations, the lazy indulgence to pipe and mug with the men and the cruel impalings of the body in the fripperies of dress, the stays and the laces of "good company," that are exhausting and compel the taking up of the regular September tasks in school and church as greater tasks than when they were laid down in June. Some of these programs before us are very attractive. The School of Civics and Philanthropy, offered by the State Institute of Social Science of Chicago, a six weeks' course of thirty sessions ranging from June 29 to August 7, is a most attractive one. The names of Graham Taylor, Julia Lathrop, Miss S. P. Breckinridge and Allen T. Burns, dean of the school, are sufficient guarantee. The lectures will be largely on practical sociology, and followed with visits, under the direction of the lecturer, to a "case in point." For instance, the lecture on municipal government and reform, by George C. Sykes, the efficient secretary of the Municipal Voters' League, will be followed by a visit to the city council; the lecture on sewage and water supply, by the president of the Sanitary District, will be followed by a visit to the drainage canal and the Joliet penitentiary; Mary McDowell's lecture on social settlements will be illustrated by a visit to the Hull House, and so on through the thirty topics. The American Ethical Union, that for several seasons conducted a successful school of ethics at Plymouth, Mass., this year with a bold venture has moved west and is to hold a summer school of twenty-one days at Madison, Wis., reaching from July 5 to the 26th. The staff of lecturers consists in the main of the staff of the Ethical Society at New York, reinforced by Miss Addams, Professor Schmidt and Professor Zueblin. Space forbids the details, which we hope will be displayed in the columns of UNITY in due time. In connection with the summer session of the University of Wisconsin Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, one of the lecturers involved in the venture just mentioned, is to give sixteen lectures on "The Principles and Methods of Social Service: Ameliorative, Reformatory, Preventive and Instructive," of which we will have more to say. The last announcement to reach us is of a Summer Institute for Religious Education to be held in connection with the Meadville Theological School at Meadville, Pa. The faculty is to be augmented by outside lecturers; the building is to be thrown open for a twenty-one days' institute, July 1-24, with special reference to training Sunday-school teachers and improving Sunday-school work. For circular containing full particulars, address Rev. Walter C. Green, Meadville, Pa. Less strenuous than any of these will be the summer cottage life at Tower Hill, where a continuous study of the New Testament books in their chronological order, with dashes of poetry, familiar and otherwise, will constitute the diversion of two or three hours of the day, the remaining hours being systematically guarded from the burden of dress and small talk, the tiresome repartee, the painful "entertainment" of the thrumming piano and the provided "amusements" which the intelligent and the ethically normal so dread at the "summer resorts" and the "scenery centers." Back of all these carefully studied methods of mental renewal and the physical restoration that belong to such lie the varied chautauqua attractions with their lectures, their concerts and the few days or weeks of life in a tent,—all of which have come to stay and are deserving of patronage and such improvement as is possible whenever the intelligent and the competent will take hold and help them instead of standing apart sneering or perhaps pitying the unsophisticated enthusiasts who are foolish enough to want still to grow and who are anxious yet to learn.

Has the Tide Turned?

We hope there is more than passing significance in the notable debate and the more notable vote which rebuked the mischievous sophistry of the last message of the President to Congress, clamoring for four more battleships, and basing the argument for the same on his familiar ground of a "peace measure." This argument is still unfortunately a popular one, but it is pushed in defiance to the entire history of war and the most fundamental postulates of psychology. We cannot urge too often that humanity is not going to be scared into a pacific mood, not even by the economic argument of waste and cost. As the history of our own nation clearly proves, no times are so hard, no argument for retrenchment or stricture of money sufficiently insistent, to stop a war vote. At this very time, when so many things hang in suspension, the United States, as Senator Hale urged, is spending 70 per cent of its taxation on the means and measures of war. And on the Pacific slope these very days, in cities where business is in a state of partial suspension, machine shops running on fractional time, schools and colleges pinched to minimum activities, hundreds of thousands of dollars are being raised, the streets are being lined with men and women, to do honor to the "jackies" as they march in their bell-leg trousers through the streets to befuddle the imagination of women and children, and they applaud without limit the play parade of the men who, once at work, would carry consternation into their lives and breed the keenest anguish that human hearts can know.

All honor to Representative Burton and his associates on the Republican side of the House, and to General Sherwood, also of Ohio, on the Democratic side of the House, who succeeded in exposing to the satisfaction of all high moralists the fallacy of the logic that is being so persistently pushed by Roosevelt, Hobson and their associates, who are hypnotized by the medieval appeal of flaming banners and faultless gunnery. The saddest day in the history of modern civ-

ilization was the day when Dewey accomplished his easy conquest in Manila Bay. The crack of those guns on Sunday morning pushed back the United States from its enviable ground as the leader of the world by virtue of its devotion to peace and democracy, and caused it unwittingly to seek a place on the lower heights of a "world power" as measured by guns and counted by bayonets. The ultimate safeguard of any nation rests in the righteousness of its cause and the potency of its virtues. Everything else is a delusion and a snare.

That success at Manila Bay and the recrudescence of the logic of violence that has since been growing has in the main been borne in silence by the churches of America. Our schools and churches have more or less unconsciously surrendered to its fell logic. Our very sports have become brutal and our parades military.

Writes a good friend anent the defeat of the President's demand for four battleships, alas that two more should be ordered!—

"Now when we see the shaking of the spears is the time for a positive advance all along the line. This is the hour to call America back to real spiritual courage and a recognition of her duty to humanity in the future."

If America is to be called back, let us say called forward, on these lines, the minister and the teacher must lead. The church and the school must champion the higher courage, fortify the more invulnerable fortresses of love, intelligence, public spirit and international comity. Now more than ever the cry of "Away with the gun!" must be heard, and in place of it, "Forward with the school-book!" "Forward with the ballot!" "Forward with the proof texts gathered from ancient scripture and modern sayings that go to prove that the righteous cause hath no need of violent protectors."

In this race for the biggest navy or the most efficient army the United States is hopelessly handicapped,—handicapped by its democracy and its intelligence. In such a race an illiterate people and an unhindered monarchical government will always keep ahead. Give the palm to England, Germany, aye, little Japan if it is ambitious in this direction. While the United States attends to its own business, lives up to its high standards of integrity, industry and honor, it has nothing to fear.

President Roosevelt bequeaths many inspirations to his successors. The people may well reckon with his choice of a successor, but the people who look toward William H. Taft as his successor may well inquire whether the new President, should he be elected, would be a promotion of the "Secretary of War" or a recognition of the man of peace, the interpreter of the civil code, the jurist and the judge.

We are glad to note preparations for a great peace meeting in Philadelphia in May. When will Chicago speak? When will it be ready to act?

In this connection we are glad to note that the Rev. Walter Walsh, the eloquent Scotch clergyman who made a deep impression at the international peace congress in 1904, is about to visit America again and is to arrive in Boston about the first of May. He is one of the most devoted warriors against war in Great Britain. Few books ever written in the cause of peace are more powerful than Mr. Walsh's book on "The Moral Damage of War," setting forth in startling detail that damage as felt by the church, the school, the press, the politician and the soldier himself. No man has studied more searchingly the moral damage wrought by the Boer War and its attendant fever on the British public, and he draws from that melancholy chapter in the life of his own nation the principal illustrations in his book. Mr. Walsh is not only a trenchant fighter for peace but an equally strenuous worker for good homes for the people and justice altogether for the unprivileged classes. Preaching on Sundays to an enormous popular congregation in Dundee, he is as good a citizen as clergyman. His activity in municipal affairs is so conspicuous that two years ago he was elected a member of the town council of Dundee, where he has made himself a power in affecting many needed social and political reforms. After a brief stay in Boston Mr. Walsh will go to Washington, then attending the peace congress in Philadelphia; and he will remain in America altogether two or three months, speaking chiefly on international subjects. His headquarters will be the American Peace Society, 31 Beacon street, Boston. Chicago and the West ought to hear him.

God's Call to Rest

Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.—Deut. 33:27.

The Sunset's banners fade far down the West;
  Twilight and darkness and the Evening Star!
O Soul of mine, heed thou God's call to rest
  Sent to thee from those star-strewn Heavens afar.

From weary heart and brain, loose thou the bands
  That bind thee to thy toil while it is day,
Thy Heaven-appointed task leave in His hands
  Who holds the planets on their circling way.

While on thine eyelids dewy feathered night
  Soft wings shall press, the stars their paths will keep;
The Universe swing safely in the sight
  Of Him whose eye doth slumber not nor sleep.

Rest, sleep; entrusting to His Heart of Love
  All cares, all fears, the garish day's alarms,
The dome of Heaven thy canopy above,
  And underneath the Everlasting Arms.

—*Helen Ekin Starrett, from "Crocus and Wintergreen."*

Easter Morn

April's here and Easter morn
All the Earth is newly born;
West wind blowing, soft and free,
Tidings brings to you and me:—
Crocus peeping through the sod
Claims a kinship close with God;
Lilies bursting through the mold
Tell the tale that's ever told
Of the joy succeeding gloom
When Spring leaps from Nature's womb,—
And the robin, with his call,
Chants a glad antiphonal:
April's here and Easter morn,—
All the Earth is newly born.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

THE PULPIT

The Days of the Son of Man

BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON, MINISTER FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, BUFFALO, N. Y.

And being asked by the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God cometh, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo, here or There! for lo, the kingdom of God is within you.

And he said unto the disciples, The days will come, when ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man, and ye shall not see it, and they shall say to you, Lo, there! Lo, here! go not away, nor follow after them, for as the lightning, when it lighteneth out of the one part under the heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so shall the Son of man be in his day.—Luke 17:20-24.

There are no New Testament passages more difficult to interpret than those in which Jesus seems to foretell his second coming. The meaning of some is clear at a glance, but these appear to be contradicted by others. There are at least two distinct groups of passages, which can hardly be reconciled as they stand. Some point to a belief in an immediate return of Jesus, within the limits of the generation to which he spoke; and this seems to have been a general expectation among the earliest believers in his gospel. But the gospels also preserve a totally different class of sayings, likewise attributed to Jesus, which reflect the idea, not of a personal second advent of himself, but of the gradual spiritual triumph of his principles.

It is probable that during all the centuries from the first disciples to our own time, there have existed in Christendom sects that believed in the literal second coming of Christ. They have found justification for their faith in passages like this one from the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, words reported as from the lips of Jesus himself: "But immediately, after the tribulation of those days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken; and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming on the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he shall send forth his angels with a great sound of trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."

It is scarcely matter for wonder that this tremendous spectacle should have powerfully stirred the Christian imagination, especially in ages when it seemed more easily possible than it does now that the light of the sun and moon should be put out, and the stars fall from their places, in some world-catastrophe. Even today, among people who are ignorant of the natural constitution of things, this belief is easily revived. From time to time the exact date is fixed by some daring forecaster of events, and those who believe make ready for the advent in full confidence that it will come, even giving away all their earthly possessions; with no result but intense and wondering disappointment when the expected Christ fails to appear.

The passage that I have just quoted, and others like it in the gospels, clearly belong to a strain of imaginative expectancy regarding the immediate future, which greatly influenced the people of Palestine for at least two centuries before Jesus was born. This circle of popular beliefs is enshrined in a mass of literature called "apocalyptic," from a Greek word meaning revelation, of which we have examples both in the Old Testament and in the New. The leading thought of these writings, which are very extensive and must have exerted a wide influence, was that the present evil age is suddenly to end, and a new and righteous age is to come, in which the Messiah of popular expectation is to reign on earth in unearthly power and glory. This was a picture of the future especially congenial to the Jewish mind, because of the long centuries of oppression and persecution through which that people had passed.

How far Jesus allowed this type of thought to determine his teaching is one of the unsolved problems of New Testament interpretation. But there is no denying that his apostles and his earlier biographers were affected by it, and that it colors their accounts of what he said. The unanswered question is how much of their inspiration for this came from Jesus Himself, and how much from the apocalyptic visions of which the minds of his followers seem to have been full.

I referred to a different class of sayings of Jesus, in which another point of view appears to prevail. In these passages he is apparently not thinking of a personal advent. He does not emphasize his own return, but rather the gradual spread of the principles that he is trying to establish. His prophecies are therefore in these passages more in accord with the actual unfolding of events. He speaks of the kingdom of which he is the herald as like the mustard seed, which when it is put into the ground, grows up into a tall herb; or as like the leaven, which when it is kneaded into the meal for baking, leavens the whole lump. He tells the questioning and incredulous Pharisees who stand by, eager to trip him into some mis-statement that they can use against him, that the kingdom is already within them, already in their midst, did they only know how to look for it.

That generation was everywhere seeking for some visible sign that the kingdom of God was at hand. But no sign shall be given, Jesus tells them, except the sign of the prophet Jonah. One of the evangelists misinterprets this saying by applying it to the resurrection. But what Jesus seems to have meant was that, as Jonah preached to the Ninevites and they repented, so a greater preacher and prophet had spoken to that generation of repentance; but though they were expert in detecting the signs of a change in the weather, they could not see the significance of John the Baptist or of Jesus himself as heralds of the coming kingdom. Even the disciples would long, after he was gone, for one of the days of the Son of man. But they were not to be misled by cries of Lo, here! Lo, there! "For as the lightning, when it lighteneth out of the one part under the heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so shall the Son of man be in his day."

I give prominence to this striking sentence because it may mark the flowing together of the two views, one of which I am more and more inclined to attribute to the followers of Jesus and the other to Jesus himself. The passages in which he compares the spread of the kingdom to the growth of the mustard seed and the penetration of the leaven through the lump impress me, I must confess, as bearing the marks of his method more than those in which he appears to look for some sudden catastrophe. The figure of the lightning, to be sure, conveys at first glance an idea of suddenness in the coming. Yet an equal or greater emphasis is laid on its shining out of one part of the heaven to

the other. It is to light up all the corners of the earth at once.

Writing of the teachings of Plato, Professor Jowett tells us that "Like the ancients in general, he had no idea of the gradual perfectibility of man or of the education of the human race." It would be doubtless an error to assume that Jesus, in his Jewish environment, can have foreseen any such gradual spread of his teachings as has taken place since he left the world. He may well have looked for a more speedy coming of the kingdom than appears possible to us. This would explain how his thought, if we have fathomed it aright, would fit in well with the more external hopes of those who followed him. The kingdom, he declared, is at hand. Some even of that generation should live to see its advent. The mustard seed would require no long time for its germination. The leaven would spread rapidly, if not in a single night. Jesus seems to have begun with the fairest hopes, and with almost no apprehension of the bitter conflict that his principles were to arouse. Thus it became easy for the disciples after his tragic departure and the sudden collapse of their first faith in him as the Messiah, to become possessed by the hope of his second advent, and to believe that they were fulfilling his word when they scanned the clouds of heaven for his coming, and passed on to others the belief that he bade them watch for the sign of the Son of man.

A considerable part of the world today is in the position of those early disciples—looking eagerly for the days of the Son of man. Travelers go back to the low-lying hills and sun-baked plains of his native Palestine in the endeavor to realize more distinctly the life that has thrown over these, in the imagination of mankind, a light like that of heaven. But the traces of him to be found in the Palestine of today are all too uncertain and misleading. The country is not the same. The vine-covered slopes of Galilee, and the little lake crowded with fishing-boats, live now only in sacred remembrance. The city of the temple, Jerusalem, is hardly more than a squalid heap of ruins, with a mushroom growth of Moslem mosques and Christian bazaars, whose traffic is in holy memories, springing out of it. The actual streets that Jesus trod lie buried beneath an accumulation of centuries, and the city life that surged and hummed about him and his devoted band of followers is gone as completely beyond recovery.

The traces that we have of him are to be found in the pages of the gospels, and in his growing influence over mankind. In the few records that are left we can alone live over, in imperfect survey, those days of the Son of man to which the world has long looked back with loving reverence. How few of them there were, of which any account has been preserved! And does it seem likely, if you or I could have been among the peasant folk of Nazareth, that we should have seen more than the others the wondrous promise of the silent youth, the son of Joseph, who helped his father at his carpenter's work? Or, if we had been disciples —what would it have meant to feel his gentle, searching gaze directed into our eyes; to hear that haunting voice utter the beatitudes or one of his perfect parables; to know the pressure of his hand; to go with him along the lake shore or upon the hills, or with the little faithful band up to the holy city for the last crowded days of conflict and the end? Almost nothing can thrill the imagination more than thoughts like these.

It is one of the great advantages of the season through which we have been passing, which we who do not keep the ecclesiastical Lent may none the less appropriate, that with all that is external and unessential in their formal observance, the churches do keep prominently before the thought of the worshippers this figure of the toiling, praying, suffering and triumphant Christ. Despite the mistake and superstition with which it has been overlaid, there is no more profoundly moving figure in the world's history than that! And surely it is good for men and women to turn aside, for a time at least, from the cares and the pleasures that are both so all-absorbing, to try to look back to the days when he walked the earth with his disciples, and said to them, as it were, casually and by the way, the words that have ever since been cherished as the most precious ever spoken by human lips. What wonder that thousands turn away from the hurrying, perplexed, distracting world of the present, and strain their eyes to catch some glimmer of a time when such a leader of men was to be found wearing this human flesh? We are all of us starving for the daily sight and touch of some true greatness in our humanity to which we can lift up our petty, uninteresting lives, to be by it renewed and freshened. Surely we have glimpses of that greatness in the gospels. We no longer, most of us, look for a return of Jesus in bodily form, with the accompaniments of miracle and power of which those ancient narratives are full. It is true, as Whittier sang, that

> "The weary centuries watch in vain
> The clouds of heaven for him."

If he is to come into the world at all, it must be into the common lives of men, through the might of his principles and the persuasiveness of his example. To catch that contagion, it is needful to look sometimes back, and not always around or forward. But how painfully slow such a spiritual force seems to operate; if, as we are sometimes disposed to question, it operates at all. Yet is there any other force on which we can depend to bring in the divine kingdom among men?

We look around upon the scene in which the leaven of Christianity has been steadily at work for nineteen hundred years, and there are times when we are disposed to think that things have gone backward instead of forward. If there has been improvement on the side of pleasanter and more comfortable living, they seem to have been obtained at the cost of more gigantic abuses. If the general average of happiness has been lifted a little, it does not seem possible today to find individual lives that in symmetry and natural dignity approach the lives of earlier men. The cry resounds on every hand that the times are out of joint, and we are asked to look here and there and everywhere for a cure for grave derangements in the social order. The very dream of a better time coming, which has always hung over the horizon of man's hope, leads many to become actively discontented and sorely impatient with the slow advance the world seems to be making toward any realization of that dream. This, on the whole, noble dissatisfaction is especially a mark of these days that are probably the happiest and least disturbed that the race of man has ever known.

A gradual advance, however, has never satisfied the more ardent spirits. Why may we not, some are always thinking, discard the past, and take one bold leap into the millennium? So, inventive minds continue to provide their panaceas for human ills. Let the state control everything, says one, and our possessions will be so leveled up to our abilities and our

needs that happiness and success will be shared by all alike. Abolish taxes, cries another, except the single tax on land, and the great evils of life which are assumed all to spring from the landlord system, will disappear, and poverty and oppression be no more. Leave off eating flesh, exclaims a third, and our physical ills, as well as our national appetite for strife and warfare, will be done away. Believe the truth about disease, urges still another, that it has no real existence, that suffering and evil are only phantoms of mortal mind, and pain will vanish and even death need not be our inevitable end.

These are only a few of the universal remedies that are being loudly acclaimed today as leading straight to the millennium. Each of them, perhaps, is deserving of more serious consideration than I am giving it in this summary treatment here. But suppose that each and all of them were to be tried, as fully as their most enthusiastic advocates could wish; would they touch the point? Would human nature itself be essentially changed? I cannot see it. That must be made over from within before the kingdom can be at hand. The trouble with the panaceas is that they seek only to change the outward circumstances of men, or to persuade them to deny and ignore some aspect of their actual surroundings, as though it were not. That is, they try to regenerate humanity from without inwards. They cry, Lo, here! Lo, there! But the kingdom of God is within you. It cometh not with observation. The true leaven has to work from within outward. The world will be different in proportion as men and women become different,—truer, holier, juster, tenderer,—within!

It is comparatively easy to enlist enthusiasm for some Utopia whose prophets believe that they can discern its coming just beyond the glow of tomorrow's sunset. Our hearts are more readily moved to grasp for near hopes than for far ones. Some one has wisely said that every period of a child's life has its own intrinsic worth, apart from the impulse that it gives to the child's whole development. So it has been with all the transient hopes that have glowed in the heart of our race. The shining ideals that have led men on from age to age have all had their practical validity and worth. Each has served a purpose,—to marshal humanity in behalf of greater causes whose fulfillment even in our later time seems almost as distant as in the beginning.

What cheer, then, is to be found in present conditions for those of us who cannot yield ourselves up to the luxury of believing in any sudden method of human betterment? We, too, know what it means to look eagerly for the days of the Son of man. Yet when those beside us have cried, Lo, here! or there! we have not been able to follow after them. We could not expect the sudden coming of our Christ upon the lurid clouds of their heaven. Rather it has seemed to us that his coming must be a coming in the spirit; that, consistently with what we know of the nature of things, that coming should begin everywhere as soon as it began anywhere; and that only when all men should become inwardly fashioned after that Christ-spirit could the kingdom come in very truth.

This is one of the most exacting of attitudes for generous spirits to take and consistently to hold. It has about it little of the joy of conflict that those may feel who throw themselves heart and soul into a single definite cause. It renders one liable to the unrest and uncertainty that possess the reserves, in sight of the smoke and in hearing of the din of battle, yet feeling that they are contributing nothing to its result. Still the parallel fails just here, for those

"Who dearest hope and deepest pray"

are never laggards, but actors on life's most strenuous field of service. Only, they are striving for no fruits of victory that can be immediately seen and known. Their work is upon long lines. Their single lives are often hidden, like the mustard seed or the leaven, in the material with which they work, so that the results of what they do may not become fully manifest until long after the impelling force has seemed to spend itself and be lost.

The splendid encouragement for those of us who hold what is to us the larger faith—in the slow but sure coming of the days of the Son of man—is the incalculable effect of Jesus' life, set down with such utter simplicity and such absence of help from outer circumstance in that hostile, and as it seemed fatal, environment of Roman Palestine. He seemed to those who looked on to die defeated and disgraced, his cause undone forever. But he rose again in the living memory of the few who loved him, and they have slowly enshrined him in the heart of the world. His very words, seeming to fall on dull ears only, have become the most powerful of seed-thoughts, of germinating growths, in the tendencies and institutions of the forward-looking races of mankind.

His days have not come yet, in all their fullness. The world is still in large part held fast in the embrace of its ancient winter of ignorance and prejudice and manifold wrong. Now and then a clear, shining day will come, as when the nations of the earth unite in setting up a tribunal of international peace. Yet again the skies will lower, in the oppression of strong peoples over the weak, and in the triumph everywhere of motives of greed and gain over motives of justice and right. So these uncertain days, in whose grasp we have lately found ourselves, first hint that the spring is at hand, and then throw over us more than the chill of winter. All the while the buds are slowly swelling beneath the bark, and there are stirrings in the bosom of the earth. The life below is pushing upward. Each day the signs are growing clearer that the springtime of our hope is at length at hand. Now there appear a few fresh grass-blades; then a bluebird or a robin; and then the full tide of spring, sweeping on to the throbbing, bursting wealth of summer.

So shall the Son of man be in his day! The few earnest, unselfish lives, in which the Christ-spirit finds new incarnation in each successive generation, become more and more. These are the leaven working toward the leavening of the whole lump. Not those who are wasting their days in the pursuit of narrow desires that they may hope to satisfy before they die; but those who are planting their lives and their inspirations deep down in the fertile soil of humanity for the sake of results that they know they will never see,—these are they who are making ready for the manifestation of the sons of God. Over the possible discouragement of each passing day rises the peerless vision of the accomplishment of our hopes. So, like all those who have toiled and striven and suffered and sacrificed for their faith, let us take up again from day to day, and with unfailing courage, the work that our brains and hands may find to do!

The Indian Pipe

"With dreamy eyes I watched one misty night
The moon rays' silvery shuttles weaving 'neath a pine,
Nor knew I'd seen the dim enchanter's might
Till day revealed a pallid ghost-flower strange and white."

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER VI—(Continued).

CENTRAL CHURCH.

Swing remained with *The Alliance,* and his editorials were never more interesting than in these years. Late in 1874 a serial story began to appear under the title of "Recollections of Dr. Heinrich: A Story of Brown Bread, by Theophilus Jones," a fantastic tale of an old German doctor who had discovered how "to make a poet out of a historian, a philosopher out of a geologist, a thinker out of a clergyman, and a rational being out of an editor," by the magic of food. Traits of style so betrayed the writer that Swing had to own this child of his fancy, though he declined to let it appear in book form. Bits of humor, pathos and homely philosophy were embowered in the most delicate traceries of nature scenes, through which trickled a rivulet of romance. The story was charmingly simple while touching surely if seemingly lightly on some very important things in life. But the story itself had a story. Owing to gastric ills Swing had been sentenced, as early as 1869, to a diet of "brown bread," and he took this method of twitting his physician—humor being his savior from the tyranny of things petty, and from the fret and jar of life. Of his sermons a critic had said: "They are characterized by grace rather than by forcefulness, and by a certain languor of manner, a lack of virility, equally characteristic of their author as a public speaker." This was true, in a measure, even in 1875, and more true, at times, in later years, when "that strange power called weakness" became more despotic. It is the same low vitality which one feels, occasionally, in Emerson, who fed on pickles and pie, in Hawthorne, in Channing, and in Longfellow. One cannot be a dynamo of virility and live on "brown bread," though a "Dr. Heinrich" assert for it the virtues of a panacea.

The second series of "Truths for Today" appeared soon after the founding of Central Church, and the book was widely read by people who did not ordinarily read sermons. Of the fifteen sermons five had to do with Christ, His "Minor Qualities"—simplicity, sympathy, catholicity; His "Surroundings"—a brief but brilliant sketch of the age into which His life was cast; His "Influence" on Art, on Letters, and on the Human Spirit. Such themes gave play to the best and sweetest thought of the preacher, and if printed by themselves these five sermons would be among our religious clasics. The first charm of the book was its language. It was a language with an aroma, fulfilled of the beauty that woos the mind, and of the deeper beauty that fills the heart, yet is never seen of the eyes. Formalism and convention were abjured. Old themes were handled freshly, deftly, and with an aptness and richness of illustration which betrayed a remarkable range of reading and meditation. Of the other ten sermons, each notable of its kind, three may be noticed as showing in as many ways his level-headedness, his hospitable intellect, and his leadership of faith.

"The Empire of Law" was a frank and grateful acceptance of the revelations of science in its unveiling of the unity, sublimity and infinity of the universe. It made no difference that this vision had come in a variety of ways. Gone forever was the lawless universe of a whimsical God, and with it the unworthy notions which made God an arbitrary, capricious Almightiness. Hitherto man had moved chiefly in the domain of the marvelous, the victim of a logic which reasoned from a basis of divine caprice or satanic whim. But at last, year by year, visions of miracles and witches and ghosts were fading from the only place where they ever existed—the brain of man. A new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelt righteousness and law, had come. Mystery remained, in matter as it filed its solitary way up the stairway of life, and trembled back again to death and dust, no less than on the frontiers of that night which barricaded the advance of knowledge. But it was the mystery of the unknown natural, of the superhuman, not of the supernatural or the unnatural. Faith, he saw, had thus a new field, a new reason, a universe of lengthening vistas and lifting skies.

Never has "True Liberalism" been more perfectly defined than in a sermon of that title. Liberalism may sometimes fade into unbelief, but all thinking is perilous; it may build up a love of proof which at last religion may fail to satisfy. But for every soul ruined by too much breadth, there are myriads rendered frightful by their assumption that the little ideas in their hands are the eternal wish of God. From vanity of this kind proceed cruelty, persecution, and all uncharitableness. True liberalism is that large result obtained for faith by the free exercise of all the faculties by which men obtain truth. It is a spirit, not a dogma. Rationalism is as much a system of dogma as Romanism; once in that ship you are limited, and you are also anchored. Hume was called a bigoted anti-bigot. No man is more narrow than Calvin except the man who fancies that he is too liberal to take the truths for which Calvin stood. Calvin, than he, is more liberal by far. To be liberal one must believe more than others, not more things, but more deeply, more hopefully, more nobly. Radicalism means rootedness. This it was—this quality of nobility—that made the liberalism of Swing true and worthy of the name. It was no rude iconoclasm, no loquacious protesting, but a deep and sunny confidence moving out radius-length in all directions. It was not isolation, but co-operation in the enterprise of society.

Coming at a time when philanthropy toward the "masses," the "submerged tenth," and the like, was becoming sentimentalism and incipient class hatred, his "Plea for the Better Classes" was timely and brave. Having grown up a farmer boy, used to the humblest poverty, he could not be accused of aristocratic pretentions, but he declined to join in the prevailing abuse of the rich as such. He said:

> "A hundred times at least in my life I have spoken in behalf of the slave of the cotton field, the Indian in the forest, the masses of India and China, and the swarms of wretched ones in our streets. Hence you will grant me a swift forgiveness today if for once I shall enter a plea in behalf of people who, gifted with good sense by fate, have, by reading, and hearing, and reflection, added a little to the original moral momentum of their souls. This multitude is not large, but it is immensely powerful, and their power for good or ill is daily expanding. . . . The genius of our country turns the attention of publicists (and the preacher too is a publicist) toward what is called the masses. It has come to pass that we weep over nothing but a ragged orphan or a slave. The pulpit upbraids the rich, defies the educated, and ridicules the scientific, and fanatically declares for the outcast, the ignorant, the chimney-sweep, and the newsboy. It is not probable that the church will overdo any shape of benevolence. We would not abate its work or its prayer along any of these paths. But let us not forget that there is another class of human beings, educated, moral, often rich, and always powerful, who need some thought and some love from those who pretend to be carrying the ark of the Lord through the wilderness. If any one will look into the churches of the land of a Sunday he will find a wonderful scarcity of the intellectually great. . . . The time has come for a new phase of Christianity. I believe the

church had long erred by daring to decide upon the manner by which, or the person to whom, the new life comes. A righteous man must be confessed to be a converted man. The church possesses no analysis by which it can open a heart and find that morality is not regeneration, and that the prayers and hymns of a 'moralist' do not issue from the Holy Spirit, who, imaged as a dove, flies back and forth over the ocean of soul. In so doing the church has done injustice to some of the noblest members of society. . . . As things now are, there are hundreds of agents busy reducing Christianity down to a weak superstition. This picture, to me at least, assures me that the church has come to a crisis. A mighty throng of statesmen, of lawyers, of doctors, of scientific men, of readers and thinkers, have quite deserted the church, a throng mighty in their power not only over the present, but over the future. This large and valuable company may be seen going away from the church. Not in the least should the zeal of the pulpit be abated toward the multitude, but toward the educated class it is high time there were flung out some kind of invitation that might touch their intellects and their souls.''

To a degree unequaled, perhaps, by any other teacher in his city, or in his land, Swing reached not only the educated but the rich, even the very rich—always the most difficult class to reach. It was a saying in Chicago in those years that one could not shoot a pop-gun in Central Church without hitting a millionaire. Of course there were those to say that McVicker's Theater—the home of Central Church at that time—was a splendid auditorium where the fashionable, the rich and the cultivated gathered, of a Sunday, to listen to an exquisite essay, and that Swing himself was only a literary soothsayer administering a spiritual anodyne to restless men seeking solace. Later, when the class struggle became more intense and bitter, he was pictured, as we shall see, as a dilettante, a lover of books, of art, of all the soft, luxuriant, flower-petaled, gem-carved deliciousnesses of life, a semi-recluse *exquisite*. All of which was utterly false to the facts and foreign to the spirit and life-motive of the man. Those who knew Swing know that, while he loved beauty and hated dinginess, he was a man of simple ways, democratic in thought and spirit. It is true that he stood, from the first, four-square against the gushing tide of sentimental, semi-socialistic tendencies of his day, but he was not the retained advocate of any class. No one ever uncovered political corruption, "The False Balance" in business, heedless frivolity and wanton luxury, more searchingly than he did. But he held the same mirror up to the lives of the "masses," showing them to be envious, often thriftless and indigent, or rum befogged—a mirror framed in pity and held in a tender hand. He was a Christian humanist, and his gospel was no respector of classes.

He saw that men of affairs, though nominally attached to the churches, were largely untouched by the spirit of humanism. Deliberately and of set purpose, and with every art at his command, he appealed to men of brains, of wealth, of power, in behalf of the higher things. He sought to influence influential men, and through them to touch the creative forces of his city. In this character he was an evangelist of beauty, of culture, of idealism, of Christianity, and of social service. By ordination of God his work was with minds and hearts, not with brick and mortar, or with the still less important tasks of the externals of candles, robes and altars. By the simple power of his thought and the beauty of his soul, unaided by denominational spirit, ecclesiastical millinery, or sectarian loyalty, he drew strong men to him, and made Central Church a force in the life of the metropolis. For such a ministry Swing was born and wonderfully endowed. He had genius, poise, learning, sympathy, insight, humor, common sense, and above all—religion! No one can measure the influence of David Swing upon Chicago in its formative years, for the seer, the scholar, the poet, the man of the spirit has his part, and no small part, in the making of a city.

Much ado was made in these years over Robert Ingersoll and his philippics against religion. As usual, public opinion was divided. Some regarded him as a philosopher, a brave reformer, an emancipator, and a transcendent orator. Others held that he was a superficial pretender to learning, an artful sophist in logic, flippant scoffer at sacred things, if not a spectacular puveyor of tawdry plagiarisms. Of course neither party was right, since Ingersoll was only a witty critic and satirist, at once an attorney and a prose-poet; a positive mind on the negative side of faith. In one of his lectures in Chicago he referred to Swing and the heresy trial. Walking to and fro on the platform—one of his delightful tricks—he stopped suddenly, as if a thought had just occurred to him, tapped the desk, and said with his melodious voice and a twinkling eye: *"Had such a man as David Swing been present at the burning of Servetus, he would have extinguished the flames with his tears. Had the Presbytery of Chicago been there, they would have quietly turned their backs, solemnly divided their coat-tails, and warmed themselves."* Applause like unto thunder greeted this striking sentence from pit to dome of the theater. Lifting his graceful hand as a signal for silence, the orator went on to say that Swing was as much out of place in the Chicago Presbytery as a dove would be among vultures, and more of the same sort. In cold type, next day, these words seemed brutally harsh, but as a fact they were uttered with the most winning of smiles—a quality in Ingersoll with which his critics, especially the clergy, did not reckon. The facile orator had made it appear that David Swing was in reality of his way of thinking, only Swing by preference used a harp instead of a hammer. It was a clever stroke, but never was there a more complete misinterpretation of Prof. Swing, or, I need hardly say, a greater injustice to the Chicago Presbytery.

The following winter, 1878, Swing delivered two sermons on "The Good and the Bad in the Addresses of Robert Ingersoll," in which, while never once stooping to cheap abuse, he read the inconoclast perfectly. That is, as a clever critic though not a great orator—since he lacked a great theme; as a "Juvenal rather than a Cicero; a Francis Jeffery rather than an Edmund Burke; one who could lampoon his age without being able to inspire it." Profound scepticism, he said, does not manifest itself in ridicule. It is more often deeply sad. It was so in the classic poets; in Voltaire, even, and in Heine. And besides, such iconoclasm is an anachronism in a humane and advancing age. Continuing, he said:

''But why should such oratory for or against religion in the least surprise us? Do we not know that the whole progress of man has been only by means of one unbroken debate? Birds fly, deer run and serpents crawl, but society talks itself forward. Men talk a hundred years, and then by resolution or war or a reformation they mark how far they have got; and the mark having been made, they at once reopen the infinite conversation. When one looks over the outspread life of humanity and marks what good results have come of the wars of differing minds, and marks that without this free, purifying process there has been no good progress in any field of thought, one cannot but feel that the addresses of such an iconoclast as Mr. Ingersoll are not by any means an unmixed evil.

''Men of intense emotional power like Ingersoll, and men who like him have hearts as full of colors as a painter's shops, are wont beyond common to pour their passion upon one object rather than diffuse it all over the world. These men can awaken, and entertain, and shake, and unsettle, but then, after it is over, we all must seek for final guides men who are calmer and who spread gentler tints with their brushes. . . . His eloquence is much like the art of Hogarth—an acute and witty

and interesting art, but limited in its range. Hogarth was without a rival in his ability to picture the 'mistakes' of marriage, of a 'Rake's Progress,' the peculiarity of 'Beer Lane' and 'Gin Lane'; and his art was legitimate in its field, but its field was narrow, and took no notice of the beauty of things as painted by Rubens and Raphael. After Hogarth had said all he could see, and believe, about marriage, there stood the holy relation in all its historic greatness, filling millions of homes with its peace and friendship, notwithstanding the mirth provoking pencil. Thus the ideas of 'Moses,' and 'Church,' and 'Heaven,' and 'God,' lie before Ingersoll to be pictured by his skillful derision, but after the artist has drawn his little Puritan Hebrew, and his absurd heaven, and has painted his little gods, another scene opens, and there, untarnished, are the deep things of right and wrong, the immortal hopes of man, and the Heavenly Father, which cannot be placed upon a jester's canvas.

"These addresses under notice are wonderful concentrations of wit and fun, and tears, and logic, but concentrations upon minor points. They are severe upon a little group of men, upon old literalists, and old Calvinists and old Popes, and old monks, but they do not weigh or measure fully the religion of such a Being as Jesus Christ, nor touch the ideas and actions of the human race away from these fading forms of human life. . . . If you will suppose these orations to be delivered in court where the Calvinists have applied for the power to govern some island and subdue it to their form of piety, and that Mr. Ingersoll has a home and estates on that island, and sees the new dynasty coming along, then their eloquence and point can be understood, and they are philippics worthy of the ancient Greeks. But when we remember how imaginary are those Calvinists and their island, and what a vast world there is that does not desire to enforce religion, and that would not disturb the fireside of even the most bold infidel, then the basis of his eloquence disappears, and his speeches become only the anger of one who has had bad dreams about his fellow man."

This, or something like it, will probably be the final estimate of Ingersoll by the best minds of the age. Swing saw that the iconoclast was a sign of the times, especially fitted to cater to the prevailing taste for irreverence and levity that lay dormant but easily accessible in the popular mind. In protest against this general vulgarity he preached one of the noblest, tenderest, most pathetic sermons in our language, on "The Pathos of Christianity"—a sermon which for haunting beauty and melting gentleness has no equal anywhere. Our faith, he said, may not be perfect; no faith is; but it is the most far-reaching and profound meditation on life and death yet composed in the midst of the years. The last lines of the sermon had in them something of the slow, measured movement of a funeral hymn. Indeed, it grew out of a grave—the grave of his wife in which he had so lately buried the fellowship of years. Mrs. Swing died August 2, 1879, at the home of her father in Oxford, Ohio, after a lingering illness. Her passing deepened and made permanent in Swing that shadow of melancholy that had always been lurking about him. Thereafter, to the end, he gave, as a totality of impression, more of a sense of beauty and pity than of aught else. The note of pathos was heard more often, and all too often there fell over his spacious mind, in hours however trivial or merry or tragic, a thought of death. The tender, terrible stroke bowed him low, and his sympathy went out, a never failing stream, to all who walked the shadowy way.

In the same year appeared his little book of essays—that is, sermons with the texts taken off—on "Motives of Life." Home, a Good Name, the Pursuit of Happiness, Benevolence, Religion, Beauty, the Christ-Motive, made up the volume, to which was added, in a later edition, "The New Imagination;" motives more lasting than Karnac and the pyramids. On such subjects he was at his best, and the breadth, beauty and brilliancy of his thoughts were amazing. No one may ever hope to write of themes like these in language more lucid and melodious, or with a more delicate and multi-colored feeling, or to clothe the great facts and feelings of life in more exquisite imagery. As much may be said, indeed, of all the sermons of this period—from 1875 to 1880. They were exceedingly rich in beauty, not only rich but thoughtful, and sensitive to the slightest variation in the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere. Several series of discourses belong to these years.

One was an outlook upon "The Relation of Literary Men to Christianity," wherein it was shown, with abundant illustration, that "the present unrest in the world of theological thought is due largely to the fact that the teachings of literature have prevailed over the teachings of the systems of theology." He urged ministers to get out of the old homiletical ruts and speak in a form natural, unhackneyed and simple of the truths that make us men. Read a literary masterpiece, he said, and then read a volume of sermons, and note the difference in style. The style of the one is as flexible as silk while the other is formal and rigid, devoid of grace, warmth and color. He held it to be the duty of a man who speaks of the high themes of faith to clothe them in language befitting their beauty, if so be that such words come to his aid. Emerson came to the sacred desk but found the old discourse too narrow for a full mind, and turned away. As a remedy for this Swing suggested that the range of the sermon be enlarged so as to touch every field of thought and endeavor.

Another series discussed "The Influence of Material Science on Religious Doctrine," which influence tended, he said, to make religion more real, more reasonable, more spiritual, and more practical. "The Bible," its political reign, its literary reign, its spiritual reign, was the theme of one such series; and, while he did not concern himself with the problems of the Higher Criticism—he never did—he wrote as one aware of all that had been said in that field. "Religion Passing from the Land of Types and Shadows" marked a new epoch in many a life, as did "Christ in the House of His Friends." He saw as from a watch-tower "The Religious Situation," the "Decay of Theology," and the late course of sceptical criticism, the result of his survey being summed up in a discourse entitled "Our Age Not an Age of Faith." In this sermon we read:

"Upon the whole our age is not an age of faith. It is an age of doubt or indifference. I cannot indeed prove this assertion, but it seems to me a simple fact. Are we therefore on the highway to atheism and ruin? Not necessarily so, for what our age may want of that warm religious love and zeal which marked former times, it may partly atone for by possessing clearer intellectual views of morals and all duty. The religion of Christ is a grand intellectual system for this world as well as a plan for reaching the next, and the present in its grasp of the relations between Christ and the present humanity, Christ and the poor, Christ and the slave, Christ and the drunkard, Christ and the woman, may be rivaling in greatness the ages which looked only up and saw angels instead of men, and heard heaven's harps rather than the lamentings of man, woman and child. Cold as our world may now be, fond of home as it is, unwilling to die, not having any desire to depart, yet in its intellectual coldness it has surpassed all its predecessors in digging up from the Bible and reason the most holy laws of God. As individuals differ, so ages differ. Beatrice and Madonna are painted as looking up, their faces bathed in the light of the skies. The earth is only a pedestal to hold up their sublime forms. Their figures are emblems of the Christianity around them. Coming to our period the figures change. They look around over earth. Wilberforce, Duff, Channing, and the grand group of modern Christians, loving heaven not a little, survey the scene below and make up in human Christian Philosophy what they lack in rapture. The old faces were radiant, the modern faces are furrowed with thought."

In a sermon on "Pulpit Sensationalism," after deploring the methods of Talmage who "met rationalism with ridicule and brought the dignity of religion into the dust," Swing took occasion to state his view of the

relation of the pulpit to the age. A critic had accused him of trimming his sails to catch the popular breeze by telling men that all was well, hence the sermon. One form of preaching, he said, may be called timeless, for that it has to do with truths which hold dominion over our fragile human life in all times. But there is also a timely preaching. The preacher must know his age, and love it, and interpret to men the play of the Divine Spirit over it. No one ever surpassed Swing in this role, and no part of his ministry was more helpful. He explains:

"Once the poets sang of war, being modified by the world around them. After a long time had passed we see Horace singing little lyrical pieces and songs of literary criticism; and Lucretius songs of philosophy, showing us that a more scholarly age had dawned. In far later times we behold Dante and Milton coming to the world with church songs, and with marvelous imaginations reared amid old miracles and legends. Then we see Shakespeare coming with the scenery of monarchy, because that was the largest spectacle of his lifetime; then Coleridge, and Byron, and Tennyson appear in the name of the material world and social life, and individual sorrow or happiness. Yet no one will dare say that these mighty souls were poor, weak men attempting to find popular favor. They spoke not in a dead language, but in living thought for the living men around them. Thus must the art of the preacher be carried along by the moving world, and must be today and tomorrow what it never yet has been. He must feel so kindly toward his own age, and so study it and work for it, that it will see to it that he shall speak words to its comfort, its delight, and its good."

And so we leave him, at the close of this period of his life, fulfilling the mission of a minister to his age with the insight and art of a poet. Central Church was growing in usefulness and power, and in labors abundant, confining its ministries to Chicago; but then, as now, Chicago was a world in itself. Larger opportunities awaited pastor and people in the near future.

Two Christian Socialists

Among the strongest recent recruits to the socialistic cause, to judge from the reception accorded them by socialist thinkers, are two men who have entered on the support of the cause from within the church. One of these is Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, of the Rochester Theological Seminary, formerly a Baptist pastor in New York City, whose "Christianity and the Social Crisis" was published a few months ago. The other is the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the famous pastor of the City Temple in London. Mr. Campbell, in his latest book, "Christianity and the Social Order," acknowledges without qualifications that he is a socialist, and that his belief in socialism is the result of his study of the ideals of the primitive Christian church. Professor Rauschenbusch is no less outspoken, and the importance of his book for the socialist propaganda is indicated by the verdict of a leading socialist as published in *The Worker:* "A master hand here displayed assures to Dr. Rauschenbusch a status in the world of evolutionary thought which only few churchmen, alas, ever manifest themselves capable of attaining. Were it not that the word 'epoch-making' is sadly frayed by use, I should not hesitate to call 'Christianity and the Social Crisis' an epoch-making work."

May we have the hope and courage to look through Nature to Nature's inspiring spirit! and in the beauty and order and progress of the Universe, find a symbol of what shall yet be in our own souls,—if, giving up all the follies and dishonesties of our lives, we work individually, and together, to bring in the reign of honor, of virtue and truth, and of obedience to Life's Moral Law!—*James H. West.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Every wish helps to make a will.
MON.—It is easier to go without a coat than without a friend.
TUES.—To seek is to half find.
WED.—Strive for large things, but never forget that the striving is larger than the thing you strive for.
THURS.—If you have work to do, use the tools that nature has given you.
FRI.—Would you know the right, do it.
SAT.—Would you be beautiful, let good habits be your complexion maker.

—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones in "Love and Loyalty."*

Aesop and the Beasts

He sat among the woods; he heard
  The Sylvan merriment; he saw
The humors of the beast and bird.
  The pranks of donkey and of daw,
And in the lion and the frog.
  In all the tribes of swamp and den,
In deer and hare, in stork and log,
  Marked the similitudes of men.

"From these, of these," he cried, "we come:
  Our hearts and brains descend from these."
And lo, the beasts no more were dumb,
  But answered out of brakes and trees.

And thus, perchance, their saying ran:
  "Nay, not from us your folly springs,
O, deeply fallen race of man,
  Bewilderèd about empty things!
"For we have neither hope nor dread,
  We look not forward or behind,
We lead the life our fathers led.
  We live like clouds, or streams or wind;
"For we have neither doubt nor faith,
  For we are neither bond nor free;
We hear the word that Nature saith,
  And nigh to Nature's heart are we.

"Behold, we neither laugh nor weep,
  Are well content with everything:
But ye would fly that scarce can creep,
  And ye would speak, that scarce can sing.
"Nay, were there cause for moan or mirth,
  'Tis we, not you, should sigh or scorn,
O, latest children of the earth,
  Most childish children earth hath borne."

They spake, but that misshapen slave
  Told never of the things he heard,
And unto men their portraits gave
  In likenesses of beast and bird.

—*Andrew Lang.*

A Cow's Gratitude

When I lived on a ranch in western Colorado I saw a remarkable thing done by a cow.

Each season our hay, on being mowed, was stacked in a field about 200 yards from the house. We had a milch cow named Turvy. One winter Turvy's calf, which had not been weaned, was kept tied, a part of the time, to a post near the hay.

One morning my attention was attracted by the persistent cries of the cow. I looked out and saw Turvy standing at the bars. She was calling me and was almost frantic. I snatched up a shawl, threw it around me, and ran to see what the matter was. Quick as she saw me coming she turned and ran back to the stacks. When I reached the place I found her calf almost choked to death. He had wound the rope, with which he was tied, round and round the post, and twisted it so tight that his tongue was lolling out and bloody foam dripping from his mouth and nose. I quickly untied him, and his mother, by her every action, showed her joy at his rescue.—*C. Mitchell.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Aldrich Bill Abandoned.

The event of most importance in banking and commercial circles this past week was the abandonment by both houses of Congress of the much-discussed Aldrich bill and the substitution therefor of the so-called Vreeland measure. The failure of the Aldrich bill is attributable largely to the united opposition of the banking interests of the Middle West. It made no provision for the basing of emergency currency in periods of financial stringency on commercial paper, a point which, outside of a restricted banking area in the East, was considered fatal to any federal act looking towards the amelioration of currency conditions. The chief feature of the Vreeland bill is its provision for note issues secured by commercial paper. This bill, too, specifically does away with the Johnson amendment to the Aldrich bill, calling for the keeping of a certain amount of bank reserves in bonds, and with the LaFollette amendment forbidding banks to invest money in the securities of enterprises in which any of their officials or directors are interested. With some possible amending the Vreeland bill is likely to become a law.

Congress vs. Public Opinion and Expert Knowledge.

It is quite clear that the pressure brought to bear upon Congress regarding financial legislation has been very great. In fact the American Bankers' Association has been so unalterably opposed to the Aldrich bill and so active against it that Congress could not pass the measure and continue to feel that it was a representative body. A well-nigh universal sentiment has manifested itself, since legislative agitation anent currency began, in favor of an asset currency based on collateral other than a comparatively restricted list of approved bonds. The Aldrich bill recognized stricted list of approved bonds. The Aldrich bill recognized only such bonds and refused to take into account what bankers assert is a collateral equally safe and in far more general use, short term commercial notes. Omniscence does not reside in our Congress, and it is astonishing that it has taken our national legislators so long to see that fact in the face of an opposition based on expert knowledge of banking and long experience in ministering to the country's financial needs. Mr. J. B. Forgan, of Chicago, speaking last week before the House Committee on Banking, at a time when the Aldrich bill was hanging in the balance, voiced public sentiment when he said: "We are at a loss to know what the bankers of the country have done that their advice should be set aside, their judgment ignored and their wishes opposed in connection with legislation directly affecting the business in which they are engaged. . . . As bankers, we claim a practical knowledge of our business which experience alone can give. We think that with such knowledge and experience we should be consulted and our advice heeded touching any legislation affecting the banking and currency laws of the country. We protest against the passage of such a law as the Aldrich bill when the judgment of the bankers of the country is admittedly opposed to it."

Seipp Prizes.

The Seipp prizes were offered in 1904 immediately after the famous University of Chicago Convocation, which was attended by many noted German scientists and German Americans, and is known consequently as the German Convocation. These prizes were designed to stimulate investigation into the question of German influence in American affairs. The award has just been made. Seven essays were submitted, all on the theme, "The German Element in the United States, With Special Reference to the Political, Moral, Social and Educational Influences," a subject that should appeal to the interest of economists, ethnologists and statemen in large measure, and to every American citizen in some measure. The winner of the first prize is announced to be Prof. Albert B. Faust, of the Department of German Literature in Cornell University.

Conservation Conference.

An event both unique and significant is scheduled for May 13-15 at the White House. The President has invited the Governors of all the states and territories to a conference, which shall have as its grand motif the awakening of our country to a realizing sense of the necessity for conserving our natural resources, coal, forests, water power, etc., and the rousing to action of such agencies as may be effective to accomplish this conservation. As a matter that concerns most vitally this present generation, as well as the rising and coming generations, the preservation of forests, mineral and water supplies and soil ranks uppermost today among our national problems. Few there be, however, that realize this truth. The nation owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Roosevelt for devising so excellent and novel a means of bringing to public notice the consideration of this great question, and of quickening a lethargic public conscience.

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

No joys or surprises on the Senior Editor's recent trip to the Pacific Coast were comparable with those that came from the kind words and the unexpected greetings from the UNITY readers. They came from the lonely ranches, they came from among the flowers, out of the hills, as well as out of the busy western cities to shake hands with UNITY and to testify to the strength and companionship that had come to them through its pages. Not a few of them were indeed old acquaintances who could say with truthfulness, "We know you," They probably did know the Editor better than he knows himself. To all of those friends the Editor hastens to send back his greetings and the more deliberate thanks than circumstances often permitted. I return with more courage and more confidence than ever before that the UNITY Regiment will be recruited. As I traversed the delightful stretches of mountain and of plain the Regiment assumed more definite shape. I saw the companies falling in by sections. I had at hand a list of UNITY subscribers on the Pacific Coast, another of the "Wisconsin subscribers," a third list of the "Illinois subscribers" outside of Chicago, and a list of the "Chicago subscribers." It may be that I am unreasonable in my expectations, exacting in my estimates, but, frankly, friends, as I know more of the investments of life, the expenses of living and the drains on pocketbooks, the more assured I am that a proper perspective of values, a more just assessment on your resources would make a Pacific Company, a Wisconsin Company, an Illinois Company, a Chicago Company, perchance a New England Company, and so on up and down the Union possible. I ask for correspondence from these various sections, with a view of finding recruiting sergeants, mustering officers, to help along the campaign.

I am not begging. It is not a question of alms. It is not a question of sustaining UNITY after the present Editor is dead, as some of my ministerial correspondents put it. It is a question of these thirty years bearing fruit that will in one way or another perpetuate the propaganda in the interest of the fundamental contentions of UNITY.

Writes a Puget Sound correspondent:

"Your visit and addresses here made me feel more greatly than ever the prophetic inspiration of the name chosen for the paper that has been so heroically kept in a pecuniary losing existence. The heading and motto in themselves alone have preached for thirty years the greatest message that has been sounded, wherever it has reached, since the preamble of the Declaration of Independence was put forth. I remember as one of the most thrilling mental experiences of my life the leap of my searching, aching heart when three years before UNITY was born I found the title of the volume just published by the Free Religious Association, 'Freedom and Fellowship in Religion.' I know the story of how you enlarged it by adding the word 'Character.' UNITY has been true to its name and motto. It has taught two great things as no other periodical has fully done—the religion in all life and the sufficiency of naked and unsupported spirit. UNITY'S breadth is depth also."

It is fair to acknowledge that alongside of this menaced "death" of the Senior Editor which holds back some of his friends, a loyal sister rebukes our "ambition": We are "trying too much," "killing the Editor under a heavy burden." To this we simply have to say, We are not dead yet and feel anything but tired. The Editor of UNITY sleeps well of nights, eats his regular meals and rejoices in the privilege of working.

Who will help him recruit these companies within state limits? The "Office" is again open and the man in charge is at home.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
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THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. Osborne Willard B. Thorp Payson S. Wild

"Entered as Second-Class Matter January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

EDMONDO DE AMICIS, 1846-1908.—In these Easter days, when memory calls the roll of our saints and our heroes, the bringers of inspiration, sympathy and cheer, it is well that UNITY should not allow to pass unnoticed the death of Edmondo de Amicis. More than one warm tribute to the genial, lovable Italian author has been noted in our foreign papers, and I cannot do better than to reproduce as best I may in English something of the substance and the spirit of these loving sketches.

Edmondo de Amicis, they agree, was more than a mere literary man; he was one of the noblest characters and one of the most illustrious children of young, united Italy. Goodness—a goodness quite simple and consistent, free alike from the sadnesses and the complexities that the present time too often brings—that was the supreme and dominant quality which illumined his life and fructified his talent. "That is a sweetness," he was wont to say, "which my mother diffused through my bones and my veins."

He was born at Oneglia, in the old kingdom of Sardinia, in 1846; was educated at Cuneo, in Piedmont, and in the military school at Modena. He was a sub-lieutenant in 1865, and the following year took part in the battle of Custozza. His training was one of practical life rather than of books. No writer of the Peninsula was endowed with so keen a sense of present realities, none has better given expression to that third Italy whose devoted, faithful servitor he was, first with the sword and later with the pen.

In this land where the past meets one at every step, it was the present that appealed to him. What did he care for ruins? He had been a soldier, had been in battle, and knew at first hand the new army of the young nation, its ideals and its heroism; he had shared the dullness of barrack life and the alertness and enthusiasm under fire. Comprehending it as a marvelous instrument of nationalization, the cradle, one might say, of the new Italy, he wrote his *Bozzetti della vita militare*, which had at once a tremendous success.

But he had also been a schoolboy, and, the country made, he realized that the next thing was to make Italians. They must all be taught to deserve the liberty so suddenly and unexpectedly accorded them, must know how to be worthy of it and how to preserve it. Little souls in the making, on whom the least touch is often decisive! They must be treated with infinite love! And he wrote that unique volume *Cuore*, which has been translated into all languages and gone through countless editions in every land. America, Africa and Japanese schoolboys learn to read in *Cuore*, an honor which is little likely to come to the tragedies of his fellow-countryman, Gabriel d'Annunzio.

He was deeply interested, too, in social questions and wrote *Sull 'oceano*, depicting all the pathos and hardship of the emigration of Italian laborers. He had planned another work, *Primo Maggio*, dealing with the whole labor problem, the conflict between labor and capital; but that we shall never have, for on the 11th of March a despatch from Bordighera brought the sad tidings that Edmondo de Amicis had suddenly passed away.

How largely his works are read in America, I do not know, but I fancy that his books of travel, particularly the delightful one on Holland, are widely known here. I was told that the Chicago Public Library had several copies of *Cuore*, but on calling for one a few days later, no trace of them could be found in card or printed catalogue. I therefore pass over, for lack of space, the titles of many other works mentioned in the various sketches of him I have in hand. He wrote much, possibly too much, it is said. Narratives of travel, novels, sketches, newspaper and magazine articles flowed uninterruptedly from his pen, *Un colpo fulmine* appearing but a few days before his death. Writing was not an effort for him, it was simply giving himself and, above all, it was service. No one had a higher ideal than he of the responsibilities of authorship and, in spite of all the success that came to him, he was burdened by a sense of failure. Seeing in the mirror a reflection of his own broad shoulders, he felt that there was a disproportion between his person and his work and seemed to hear rising from within "a voice of reproach." He felt that he should have had toil-hardened hands.

"Accomplished much!" he wrote, "I never saved a life; I never watched thirty nights by the bedside of a sick person; I never walked ten kilometers to carry good news to a poor man; I never deprived myself of a single cigar, theater ticket or glass of beer for the sake of giving something to my old master when in need. But I know young men who have done all these things and who would blush to write of them yet who applaud them when they read them written of by me. They should tell me that I am an impostor."

"Poor de Amicis! Frank, childlike soul! O kind heart, better, perhaps, than all the 'religions of human suffering!'" So comments one of his necrologists and goes on to speak of the "works of poetry and feeling which he has so maligned and which were like a fresh, youthful, revelation of Italy to itself."

All unite in tributes to his great loving, sympathetic heart. Diderot, observes one, said long since that to be a writer of genius everything must spring from the heart. In De Amicis the heart did much.

His later years brought some sore trials, including the death, under most tragic circumstances, of a dearly loved son. He had known other losses and partings. For a quarter of a century he shared with Carducci the distinction of being the writer most in the public eye of his country. Other reputations arose which he welcomed gladly, but which drew attention in other directions. He worked on none the less. Becoming more and more religious, his troubled soul seemed to soar above the world which he had seen so clearly and beautifully, and which he made so beautiful around him, and a work which was to have followed *Un colpo di fulmine* was entitled *Sulla scala del cielo*, On the ladder of Heaven!

Last year Italy lost Carducci. In Edmondo de Amicis she loses, if not as sturdy a genius, at least one of her own producing, one who represented and, in some slight degree, made her. All the tears he caused to flow will be mingled now about his coffin. M. E. H.

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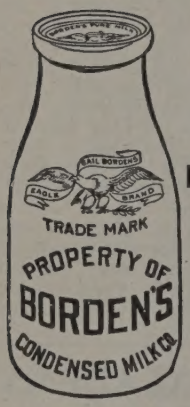

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